

Good 466 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



England's Yesterday

SO much has been done, in this age of speed and science, to make the world a better place. Travel, by aircraft is at tremendous speed, cars travel with ease and speed, and ingenuity and ideas of all descriptions have brought the world forward each day, month and year.

But wait!—among all this progress, there is still something to be said for the usefulness of machines and ideas from the world of yesterday, which to-day are operating after years and years of service, without any change, or science to help them.

For instance, with all that science in engineering can devise, with up to the minute tractors, bull-dozers, and mechanical devices, a team of six horses—each pulling their weight—working up the side of Staward Peel, near Haydon Bridge, in Northumberland, can do the job of hauling timber in a very efficient manner.

It was done the same way ten or twenty years ago, and longer, and it still has a combined beauty and efficiency very seldom seen these days.

Then again the old method of scything the grass is still being used on the bowling greens in Saltwell Park, Gateshead-On-Tyne.

It's not an easy job to take just a shaving off the very short growth, but it keeps the turf in good order.

The sight we normally see is a lawn mower, but then the expert here says it doesn't get down far enough. He should know, for he has done it for years, and the players say it has a good effect.

Once more the old covered wagons, that are normally seen only on the screen in wild west thrillers, are on the highways and byways of Northumberland.

These caravan trails, reminiscent of a bygone age, have come to the fore in to-days travel. Petrol rationing, and travelling difficulties have been overcome by holiday makers, who hire the wagons—complete with horse—for a week or fortnight, and then hit the trail for the countryside.

In the Tyneside area again the old Penny Farthing cycles have become a usual sight in the traffic.

They have been resurrected by a group known as the Old Time Cyclists Fellowship, and a ride of forty or even fifty miles is a normal Sunday outing.

Mind you!—they often come a cropper over the handlebars, but a dust down, and the help of a passer-by to aid them in jumping the high seat, and giving a push, and away they go again.

One custom which has been continued right through the centuries is the initiation of a Freeman to the Company of

IT was on March 11th, 1923, that His Royal Highness the Emir of Kurdistan, Ambassador Most Extraordinary, Haroun al Raschid up-to-date, descended on London.

He was wonderful. He wore a well-polished top-hat, a perfectly fitting suit, beautiful patent shoes, a gold-mounted cane, and a charm of manner that coincided with his high station in life.

When he arrived off the cross-Channel boat he went straight to the Savoy Hotel and asked for a suite. He was imposing from toes to head. He had the grand manner.

THE management of the hotel allotted to the Prince the finest suite they had.

He was asked about his luggage. Why, dammit, his secretary was following with it. He produced his passport, talked in millions. He conversed eloquently in English, Turkish Kurdish. The hotel people believed it was an honour to have him, the friend of kings and princes.

His meals cost something like £1 a time. He smoked the most expensive cigars. He lived like the nobleman he was.

But a day or two later, the secretary not having arrived, the hotel management presented their bill. The Prince was furious. Had ever such an indignity been offered to a Prince? What was this mere sordid bagatelle to him? His secretary had missed the boat. Was he to be insulted when he had come to talk high politics with the Foreign Office?

The hotel management were very sorry, but business was business. Would the Prince deign to move into less expensive apartments? He would move, his royal eyes flashing indignation. He got the smallest and cheapest room in the hotel; but his meals and cigars were still on the big scale.

But no Prince could stand such treatment. He moved from the hotel the next day and went to the Hyde Park Hotel, where he gave his address as the Turkish Embassy. In two days he ran up a bill of about £25, and borrowed £20 from the manager.

When this hotel introduced the matter of money he flared up again. He had hired an expensive limousine to drive around London. He declared he had never been so subjected to indignity in his life. The behaviour of the hotel was petty and beyond his comprehension. He could sign cheques for a million. He had vast estates in Kurdistan. Great funds were on their way to him.

Smiths in Newcastle-On-Tyne. Centuries ago it meant the newly-elected being shorn of their hair, and garters, as we may still see in old paintings, but to-day the old ritual remains good, except for those two items.

Hidden away in a side street of the city, in one of the old halls of Blackfriars, a long since deserted monastery, where the Freeman take the oath to the Smiths' Company.

Before they can enter they must have first sworn allegiance to the city, and to defend it if necessary, while shouldering a musket in front of the Lord Mayor at the Town Hall.

The Rusty Penknife of Haroun Al Raschid

Stuart Martin tells
"What Crook Forgot"

a much-used and rather rusty U.S.A. and Kurdistan. So the penknife. It was that knife on which the police based their guess.

And their guess was right. The Prince, in an unguarded moment, had spoken of Her Royal Highness, his wife, who was in America. Cables flashed across the seabed of the Atlantic.

It was true he had a wife in America, who believed she was Her Royal Highness, but she had written to him saying she wanted him to do something worthy of a prince, and that she had found a job for him at 100 dollars a week.

The British jury sent the Prince down for six months' imprisonment in the second division, and he was recommended for deportation.

Did that trouble this Prince? It did not. He appealed against the sentence, but lost on the matter of the sentence of six

U.S.A. and Kurdistan. So the Prince was deported in a superb suite on board the liner "Celtic."

He landed at Liverpool, and his fellow passengers were surprised that this modern Haroun al Raschid should be so treated as to be arrested at the landing stage and taken to prison.

The Prince was then dressed in a scarlet fez and wore broad ribbons and sashes across his manly chest. He was put aboard the "Celtic" again and sent back to New York. When told he would have to travel third class he exclaimed "Third? Not likely!" And he produced £50 to go first, which he did.

A special Board of Inquiry met at Ellis Island, to decide his fate. They sent him to France, although they knew he had already been expelled from England and France.

Arrived at Cherbourg, he was told by French officials that he would not be allowed longer than one day. He said he was going back to London. But he never came.

He disappeared, and the next that was heard of him was when he was in Berlin in 1925, dressed in a musical comedy uniform with gold braid in galore. He tried to cash a dud cheque on a New York bank in Berlin, and then vanished again.

He was heard of at Vienna after that, then at Belgrade, and then in Amsterdam. Next he appeared at Nice, wearing medals including the Legion of Honour. He was then "His Highness Prince Mohammed Dechino."

When they searched his rooms the police discovered printing material for forging passports—and in a bag were more than 200 letters from women of all nationalities.

He went from Nice, and nobody knows now where he is, or why.

I was speaking to a Scotland Yard detective about this picturesque individual quite recently. The detective admitted that the Prince was the most affable, delightful humbug he had ever met. Among the claims made by this man were relationships with King Fuad, the King of Spain, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and King Feisul. And always he was charming, and likeable.

"But who actually was he?" I asked.

"It took a long time to discover that," was the answer. "He may have been a Turk. We don't know. But we identified him as a trouser presser in an East End joint in the Commercial Road, who spent his evenings in the West End."

"His name was, we believe, Yendechino Mohammed Saidi Kakelo. He got so fascinated with high life that he imposed on hundreds of women. Then he struck out as a prince. He was a nice chap. But what made him tie that rusty penknife to his brass chain beat us all. It was the one thing that gave him away!"

USELESS EUSTACE



"Temper! Temper!"

months. He was not actually deported, but he was told to report to the police weekly any change of address.

He served his time, and when he came out he took a flat in Jermyn Street. Then he informed the authorities that he was going back to Constantinople. He bowed his farewell politely, and went his way.

Now, all this time Scotland Yard had been working on his identity. They could not prove he was not a Prince, but it shows you the extent of the inquiries that have to be taken in such a case. The Prince was never seen in London again, but an amazing story was gradually built up.

It was in March, 1924, that this magnificent impostor left London for Constantinople. After he had gone it was discovered that he had "obtained" a Turkish passport. He falsified it by writing the words "Passport Diplomatique" on it. But his trip to Turkey ended in the United States of America.

He was refused admittance to France, so he went to America and started up in great style as the Prince de Quince. Waving his papers in their faces, he brushed past the immigration officials. He said he was going to see the American Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and that he represented the ex-Caliph of Turkey. The American police arrested him and sent him to Sing Sing.

One enterprising newspaper man faced the Prince and accused him of being a trouser presser of Chicago in the past. The Prince replied, "What of that? I am still a Prince."

America wondered what to do with him until it was discovered that there were no diplomatic relations between

F. W. Reed



TIMBER HAULING AT HAYDON BRIDGE—OLD STYLE AND GOOD

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

SINDBAD GETS THE BIRD

THE next evening after dinner, Sindbad related the story of his second voyage.

I designed, said he, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, as I had the honour to tell you yesterday; but it was not long ere I grew weary of a quiet life. My inclination to travel revived: I bought goods proper for the commerce I designed, and put to sea a second time with merchants of known probity. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit.

One day we landed on an isle covered with several sorts of fruit trees, but so desert that we could neither see man nor horse upon it. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others with gathering fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down by a stream, betwixt two great trees, which formed a curious shade.

I made a very good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept; but when I awakened, the ship was gone.

I was very much surprised to find the ship gone: I got up, looked about every where, and could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. At last I perceived the ship under sail; but at such a distance, that I lost sight of her in a very little time.

I resigned myself to the will of

God; climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if there were anything that could give me hopes. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking towards the land, I saw something white; and coming down from the tree, I took up what provisions I had left, and went towards it.

When I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not; and that there was no climbing up to the top, it was so smooth.

By this time the sun was ready to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud.

I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more so when I found it occasioned by a bird of monstrous size, that came flying towards me. I remembered a fowl, called a roc, and conceived that this great bowl, which I so much admired, must needs be its egg.

In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg to hatch it. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, that was as big as a trunk of a tree; I tied myself to it with the cloth that went round my turban, in hopes that when the roc flew away next morning, she would carry me with her out of this desert island: and the bird actually flew away next morning as soon as it was day, and carried me so high, that I could not see the earth.

She afterwards descended all of a sudden, with so much rapidity, that I lost my senses. But when the roc was sat, and I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot; and had scarcely done, when the bird, having taken up a serpent of a monstrous length in her bill, flew straight away.

The place where it left me was a very deep valley, encompassed on all sides with mountains so high, that they seemed to reach above the clouds; and so full of steep rocks, that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed

with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising size. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking upon them; but speedily saw at a distance such objects as very much diminished my satisfaction: that was a great number of serpents, so big, and so long, that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant.

They retired in the day time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the night time.

I spent the day in walking about the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most commodious. At last I sat down and fell asleep, after having ate a little more of my provisions: but I had scarce shut my eyes, when something, that fell by me with a great noise, awakened me, and that was a large piece of fresh meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

throwing great joints into this valley, diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them.

The eagles, which are stronger in this country than any where else, fall down with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests upon the top of the rocks to feed their young eagles with; at which time, the merchants running to their nests, frighten the eagles by their noise, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat: and this stratagem they made use of to get the diamonds out of the valley, which is surrounded with such precipices, that nobody can enter it.

I began to gather together the greatest diamonds that I could see; and put them into the leather bag where I used to carry my provisions: I afterwards took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground with



"Nay!—I'll have nowt t' do with it—it's fishy!"

I always looked upon it to be a fable, when I heard mariners and others discourse of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the stratagems made use of by some merchants to get jewels from thence; but then I found it to be true; for, in reality, those merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and,

my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being tied fast to my girdle, so that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarce laid me down, when the eagles came: each of them seized a piece of meat; and one of the strongest, having taken me up, with the piece of meat on my back, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain.

The merchants fell straightway a shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was.

He was very much afraid when he saw me; but, recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and asked, why I stole his goods.

Do not trouble yourself, said I: I have diamonds enough for you and me, too, more than all the other merchants together, and showed him them.

I had scarce done speaking, when the other merchants came trooping about us, very much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They carried me to the place where they stayed all together; and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds; and confessed, that in all the courts where they had been, they never saw any that came near them.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place next morning all together, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape.

We took the first port we reached, and came to the island of Ropha, where trees grow that yield camphire.

Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for good merchandise: from thence we went to other isles; and, at last, having touched at several trading towns of the firm land, we landed at Balsora; from whence I went to Bagdad.

There I immediately gave great alms to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue.

Thus Sindbad ended the story of his second voyage, gave Hindbad another hundred sequins, and invited him to come next day to hear the story of the third.

(To be continued)

J. S. Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

When the lights went up in a Cairo cinema, Trooper G. Nicholas found himself sitting next to his brother, who had been posted missing during the fighting in the Western Desert.

It would take 45 million years for an express train travelling at 60 miles an hour to reach the nearest star.

A bee visits 37,000 flowers and collects the nectar from each to make one pound of honey.

5. Which is heavier, lead or gold, and by approximately how much?

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Denounce, Denunciation, Deodourise, Denier, Denotation.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 465

1. Close relation.
2. Testing coins.
3. 14,400 yards.
4. Grassy plains in the Argentine.
5. Play on it; it is a kind of harpsichord.
6. Hysterics, Hypocrisy.

WANGLING WORDS—405

1. Put a Shakespearean title-character in ANY and get a metal.

2. Rearrange the following letters and get five rivers: INESE, SEMHAT, ZOMANA, SENAGG, OESTRELAWN.

3. In the following four pieces of furniture the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout; what are they? W2575684, S17486257, L2M3, C9386257.

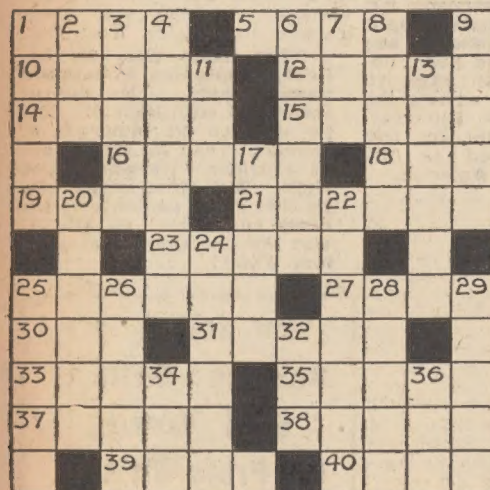
4. Find the two hidden film stars in: If you are sober on Saturday night, grab Leonard's arm and bring him home.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 404

1. Ma-hogany.
2. GERSHWIN, SULLIVAN, CHOPIN, ELGAR.
3. Stamps, Beetles, Fossils, Postcards.
4. Cle-mat-is, Be-a-n.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Ensign.
- 5 Spoke.
- 10 Bird.
- 12 Stir up.
- 14 Cognisant.
- 15 Good-bye.
- 16 Glossy fabric.
- 18 Red resin for dye.
- 19 Cook.
- 21 Frou-frou.
- 23 Move swiftly.
- 25 Stopping process.
- 27 Relieves.
- 30 Yorkshire river.
- 31 Lukewarm.
- 33 Impervious.
- 35 Dirge.
- 37 Stone-fruit.
- 38 Flat surface.
- 39 Declined.
- 40 Run into one.

C GIG STAFF
HOLD CAUSAL
IDIOM WRITE
MEDLAR RATE
E ERICEE
STRAIGHTENS
R SAIL V H
PIPS DONATE
ABOUT EIDER
SALMON NEAR
SLEEP LED Y

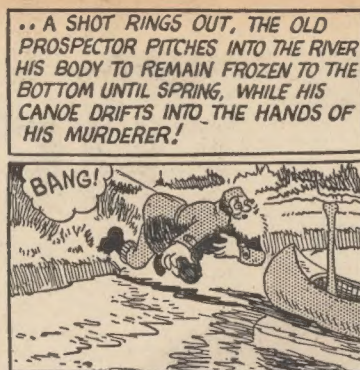
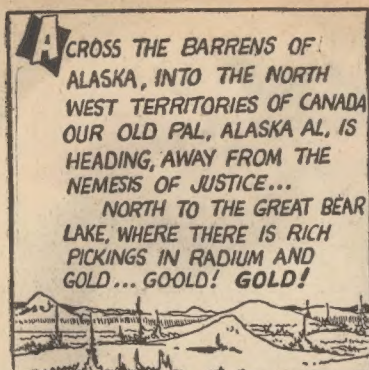
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Foreign coin.
- 2 Humble.
- 3 Humiliate.
- 4 African ruminant.
- 6 Planet.
- 7 Incline.
- 8 Oup-ability.
- 9 Tennis equality.
- 11 Snare.
- 13 Securely closed.
- 17 Angry.
- 20 Listener.
- 22 Sounds high-pitched.
- 24 Sort of sail.
- 25 Ship's cabin.
- 26 Planet.
- 28 Perfect.
- 29 More bashful.
- 32 Vigour.
- 34 Health resort.
- 36 Antelope.

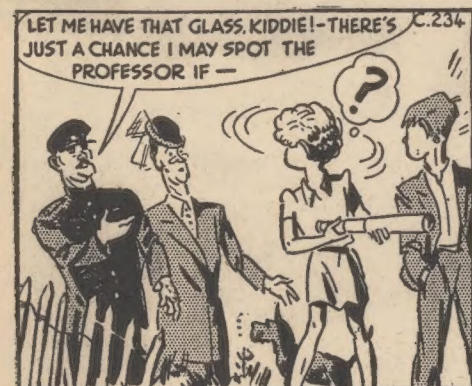
JANE



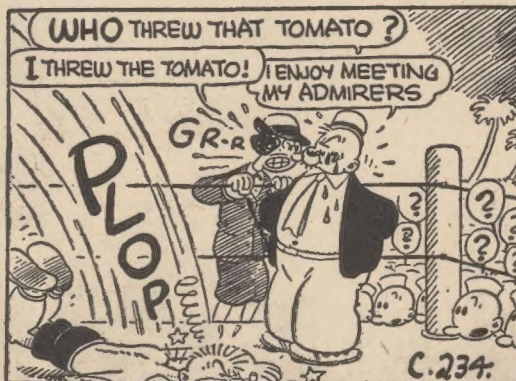
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



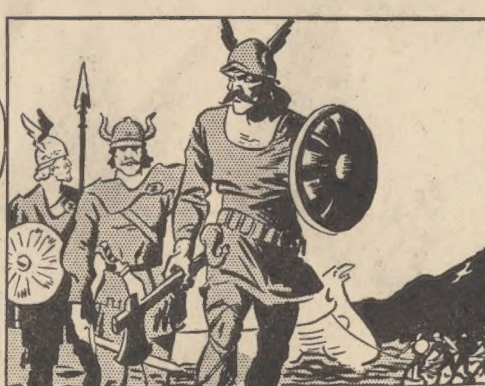
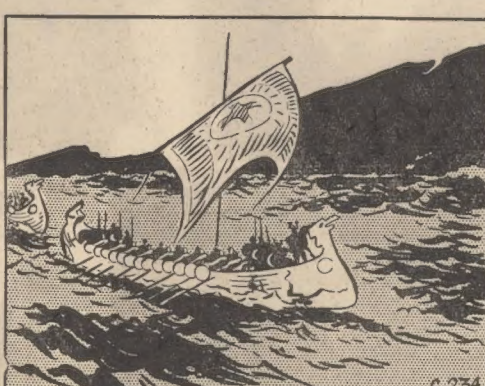
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE wife of a naval officer thought it a bad thing that her husband's ship should be short of books, so she went to the Admiralty to tell someone about it. That was early in the war—the outcome is the Royal Naval War Library. Mrs. Jim Colvin, O.B.E., is the lady—the R.N.W.L. notepaper gives her the title of chairman and honorary organising secretary.

I visited 178 Great Portland Street recently and was introduced to the various librarians. The headquarters strikes one as being more like a publisher's showroom than a library; in the outer rooms are ceiling-high piles of books that have been classified and sorted; there are workshops where the damaged books are repaired, and offices where the publicity department count the "ship" halfpennies that have been collected from the boxes. (These boxes were the saviour of the libraries when, in the early days, bankruptcy appeared apparent—pubs are mainly thanked, because a number of silver coins are invariably in the boxes; office collection boxes always are filled with just halfpennies.)

It's quite a national effort now, this books for sailors campaign. Wives of men in the Royal Navy are among the most ardent collectors. They aim to have a collector in every town; there are at present over six hundred representatives.

You know, probably, how the scheme works. You can borrow any book, fiction or non-fiction, and if you need a supply for your boat's library you have only to send a card to the library and you will get them.

Literature on post-war jobs, plays, sport, etc., is listed. This library is there for your use. If you have any difficulties, please let me know.



DUE largely to one of their own number, E. A. Williams, who comes of an old gipsy dynasty, and who has travelled among his people in the hopfields and fruit orchards of the Southern Counties as a member of the London Mission, which he joined as a youngster, hundreds of gipsies are helping to gather in the harvests of fruit, grain, vegetables and hops.

This year the labour problem on the land was at its most acute stage, so Williams offered his services to the Ministry of Labour so that he could help both his own people and the war effort.

Now he is official "service officer" to the Romanies.

I called at Mr. Williams's caravan home near Maidstone, and was greeted by Mrs. Williams, whose rich warm colouring and velvet soft eyes proclaim that, like her husband, she is the grandchild of a "Smith" (and no gipsy can make a prouder claim).

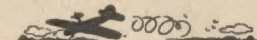
Most gipsies not eligible for the Forces work on the land, but a few have gone into war factories. Only one of their own people, who knew them and their ways, could organise them.



MAJOR factor which is deterring regular hoppers this year is the prospect of P.A.Y.E. tax. They are afraid that when this is deducted and the not inconsiderable living, transport and incidental expenses are paid, they will find that they have nothing to show for their picking.

But those East Londoners who have not yet missed a year in the hopfields, war or peace, are having their final and most thrilling experience.

Their first year covered the first alert (September 3rd, 1939), their second war year of hop harvesting was picked under the dog-fights of the Battle of Britain. Tip-and-run night raids have all been seen from the hoppers' camps, but this year's spectacles cap the lot.



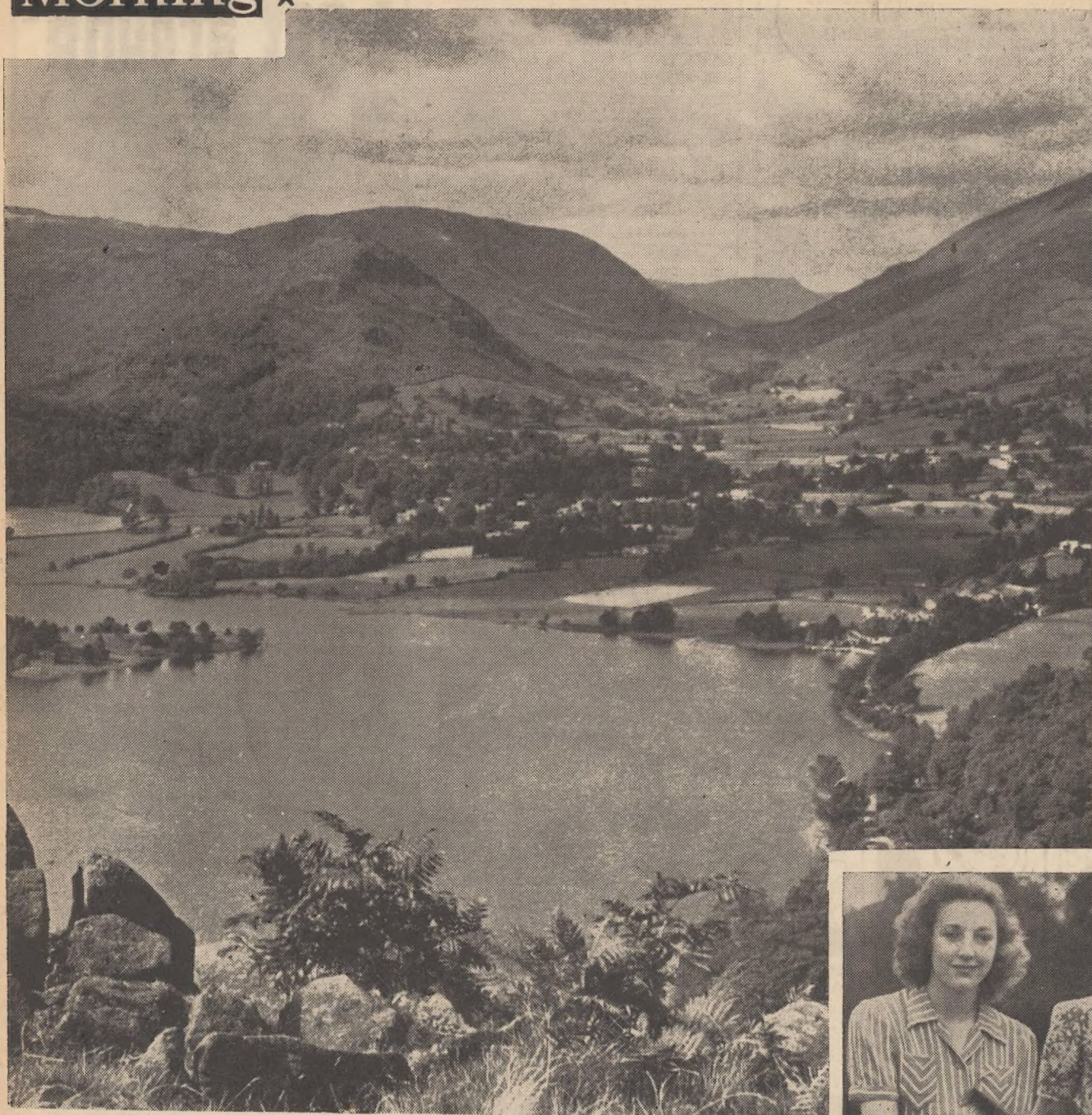
A READER cracks that my secretary and I should be very good friends. Yes, sir, we are. And let me tell you, she is a very nice girl—a perfect lady. She never smokes nor drinks, and never swears, unless it slips out.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning** ★

This England

No prizes for guessing this is the Lake District. It's Grasmere, of course, seen from the fells.



"Women, women, they're driving me nuts !
Enough to send a chap scorching after
spiritous liquors."

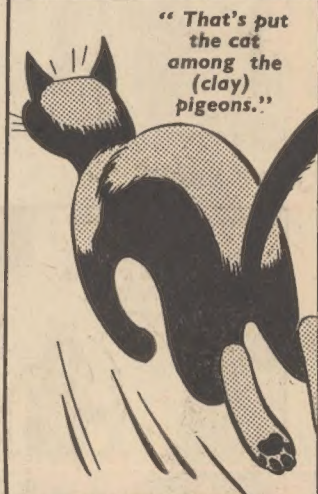


"I'm Kit." "And I'm Vera." "Rita, that's me." (Together) "And we're longing to see you at the 'Clay Pigeon,' Eastcote. If you come during opening hours we'll draw you a lovely pint. Or we could dance or go swimming . . ."



"— or even
go riding on
the mokes.
Till then,
this is Rita,
Vera and
Kit saying
'Till then.'"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"That's put
the cat
among the
(clay)
pigeons."